THE EYE:

BY OBADIAH OPTIC.

——*VARIOUS OBJECTS FROM THE SENSE,*
VARIOUSLY REPRESENTING. MILTON.

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I HAVE, for several evenings of late, frequented those places where, in this enlightened and populous city, men of leisure and educution resort to spend a social hour, talk over the politics of the day, consider recent occurrences and criticise new publications: I wished much to hear the opinion of my fellow citizens on the '*Eye*;' for nothing can be of more advantage to an author, than to hear the general opinion entertained of his work, whilst he is utterly unknown by those who examine it.—The first place I visited was ****, a number of newspapers were strewed on the table, and there were several men of no mean appearance engaged in examining their contents: At length the papers were laid aside, and the late duel at Washington became the topic; politics were freely discussed, and democracy generally condemned; the result of the duel was lamented, GARDNIER extoled; but sorry was I to find not a single voice was raised against duelling itself; at last I ventured a word, You think then gentlemen, that GARDNIER was in the right and his antagonist wrong. Assuredly, said a man of an austere appearance, viewing me with a supercilious air, well then, continued I, admitting your position to be just, ought we not to draw an argument from thence against dueling in every case? if punishment would constantly fall on the guilty in these contests and the innocent never suffer, then dueling would have a foundation on which it might securely stand; but when the guilty, as oftimes at least, triumph as the man of rectitude, why should any ever try a cause with so much hazard? O, replied my supercilious respondent, this doctrine will do well, very well, with all but men of HONOUR, who cannot pocket indignities. And pray sir,

said I, who do you call a man of honour? Why sir, an officer in the army or navy, a gentleman of a good family, a gentleman inheriting a large estate derived from his ancestors. I thank you kindly, said I, for your definitions, I find I have laboured under a great mistake, with respect to these terms; I thought a man of honour was one who never broke his word, fulfiled all his obligations, made the moral law the rule of his conduct, seduced no innocent females, ruined no man's credit by vile reports or base insinuations, paid all his just debts, not with jail tickets, but with gold or silver, and lived conscious that for all his actions he was assuredly accountable to the FATHER of the spirits of all flesh:—As I said this, the room resounded with a roar of laughter:—A pretty gentleman faith, said one—make a taylor of him, said another—no, no, said my proud looking *gentleman*, this citizen has been drawing a Philadelphia clergyman.—You are right, said I, and I trust I shall ever, by the guidance of Providence, be preserved in this country, where the clergy are not gamblers, niblers, fox-hunters, bottle companions, but really men of honour, truly gentlemen, patterns of virtue and true disciples of their meek Master.—Every eye was fixed upon me; they tittered, whispered, and were silent—here, said I to myself, I can gain nothing to assist me in the object of my pursuit, I therefore paid my reckoning, and marched off, I believe to the no small delight of the company.

The next place I entered was Mr. ****'s and think how highly I was gratified, a plain looking man was reading the ninth number, he was just concluding the first essay, Well, said he, so far so good Mr. OPTIC, we ought indeed to manufacture those things of which we stand in need: Indeed we ought not, replied a British agent, with much consequence, answer me one plain question, cannot you buy cheaper than you can make? OPTIC is a fool, some spiteful democrat, who would wish to humble Great Britain, but that's impossible; he may talk about your making cloth, of your spinning cotton, and all that stuff—if I were the king of Great Britain, I would not suffer you to spin a single pound of it. And pray how would you prevent us? said the plain man—Why, I would invade you with an army, blockade all your ports and bring you to your senses. My friend, replied the other, that method you might remember they tried some time ago, and mourn the effects of it to this day; but knowing their good intentions, we ought to stand prepared for the worst: When

the English began to manufacture, they were, as history informs us, awkward enough, but practice makes perfect, says the proverb—by slow advances they now have arrived at much perfection; we must also progress; and, as the proverb says, if we never begin we will never make an end; no doubt you, and all in like circumstances, who live, move and have your being under British influence, would not wish us to manufacture, but purchase; for, as our home goods increase, your profits lessen; and every body knows that the mere speculating merchant has no country, but gain; no principle, but self-interest; no patriotism, but cent per cent: I am pleased to the heart to see this spirit of manufacturing inspiring my countrymen; I have children whom I daily teach to love their country; you, young man, have no children, and I may say, no country; you say you were born in England, but have you adopted that for your country by studying its laws, its customs, its government, and after mature deliberation, have you approved of them? You will pardon me, I think you will answer in the negative; but if you should not, take one word of advice from a man, old enough to be your father, as long as you remain in America never insult an American company, by telling them what Britain can, in your opinion, do to them. We have seen their faces once before; we know them, and they know us: War is our aversion, we abhor it, and those who create wars are murderers; but whilst we love peace, let tyrants know that Americans are men. The plain man was silent; the British agent added not a word—I paid my reckoning and withdrew. OBADIAH OPTIC.

ORIGINAL.

THE SPECTACLES.—No. IX.

There is a lust in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame:
On eagles' wings, immortal, scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born to die. HAVARD.

THERE is no greater enemy to the harmony of society than scandal, it is always the weapon to which cowardice and baseness resort: Afraid of attacking the object of their hatred or envy openly, the characters of the wise, virtuous and brave are assailed with the secret shafts of malice; the poison of calumny is diffused without any apparent hand administering,

and its consequences too often prove fatal, because the infection takes a firm hold before the disease is discovered. "Against slander there is no defence; hell cannot boast so foul a fiend; nor man deplore so fell a foe, it stabs with a word—with a nod—with a shrug—with a look—with a smile; it is the pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most wary traveller cannot avoid; it is the heart-searching dagger of the dark assassin; it is the poisoned arrow whose wound is incurable; it is the mortal sting of the venomous adder; murder is its employment; innocence its prey, and ruin its sport." The slanderer is loathsome; he is unfit to live with the rest of his species; society should exclude such a being from the common rights of civility. We may feed the murderer, be hospitable to the robber, because in them gratitude is not extinct; but the slanderer has no merit, no title to protection, he only seeks, to pervert it to some atrocious end: Avoid him, suffer him not to cross thy threshold, be concealed even from his sight; he singles out his object, and attacks with the fierceness of the lion, and the mercilesness of the tiger; be upon your guard, let contempt and neglect be his portion who insidiously sports with another's reputation, and delights in provoking discord and assassination.

On the other hand, he is the pride of his MAKER, and the ornament of society, who conceals his neighbour's faults behind the veil of charity; it is a sure trait of a truly noble mind, and he who possesses this virtue is confident of the friendship of those who know him; even the base darts of obloquy fall harmless before him, and he soars upon the pinions of his excellence from the reach of envy, "several gentlemen, in the company of lord BOLINGBROKE, were speaking of the avarice of the duke of MARLBOROUGH; and they appealed to his lordship for the truth of the instances which they adduced: He was so great a man, replied lord BOLINGBROKE, that I have forgotten his vices." This was a truly generous answer from a political enemy, says VOLTAIRE, who relates the incident.

There is a strange propensity in man to "erect his fame upon the depression of his superiours;" a trivial offence is exaggerated into a crime, and the dark picture deeply coloured by the eager hand of envy. There are few great characters in history who have not suffered from this baleful pestilence; and very few who have ever witnessed their laurels bloom again when once tainted. This revenge is always levelled against superiour excellence, because those who have no pre-

tensions to virtue are guarded by their insignificance: Men, says archbishop TILLOTSON, look with an evil eye upon the good that is in others; and think that their reputation obscures them, and their commendable qualities stand in their light; and therefore they do what they can to cast a cloud over them, that the bright shining of their virtues may not obscure them.

T.

ORIGINAL.

THE TORTOISE.—No. V.

But poverty with most, who whimper forth
Their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe;
The effect of laziness or sottish waste. COWPER.

WHEN we consider man in a collective point of view, we are led to admire the wonderful disposition of his talents and pursuits; Providence in the regulation of society has assigned to each, that which is necessary for the general good, and doubtless the gifts bestowed on men are as various as their dispositions or countenances.—As social beings, we are bound by those laws which nature has established, to exercise the powers we possess for the good of ourselves and others; and our own interest is so intimately connected with that of our fellows, as to render it highly to our advantage always to strive to be useful.

There is perhaps, no situation of life in which we may be placed, where we have it not in our power to contribute something to the general stock for improvement; but more particularly are we connected as it regards our respective occupations; each depends on the other for something without which he must be wholly or partially idle, and thus deprived of the means of supporting himself; hence, every one who is negligent of his business becomes injurious to society, and productive of dishonesty; for, though it be a trite proverb that "he who will not work shall not eat," yet it breathes the spirit of the social compact and should be literally adhered to: And here I would remark, that it has no reference to the infirm and disabled—it is not he that *cannot*, but "he that *will not* work;" the weak should every be supported by the strong, and old age cherished by active youth.

I have been led to these reflections from the particular occurrences of the day, in which I have been somewhat concerned:

Summoned to appear at the trial of the man who had robbed me of my pocket book, I heard him sentenced to confinement and labour to expiate for the crime of which he was found guilty: I now, for one moment, considered, whether the trifling loss of my property was of sufficient importance to deprive a fellow being of that liberty which is every one's birth-right: But it was not merely on my account, or in consideration of the loss I might have sustained—his crime was of a more protuberant quality; he had violated the rules of society; he had infringed those laws which are wisely calculated for the good of the great family of mankind—he had burst the bonds of union, and I most readily acquiesced in the justness of the penalty.

Observing that he was a man of some intelligence, I was willing to converse with him and endeavour to impress him with a sense of the impropriety of his practices; but he now shunned my advances; yet, as repulsion, with me has sometimes an effect opposite to its true nature, so in this case, it excited my curiosity, and I entered into a conversation—with whom—judge of my surprise—it was the infamous BRUMLEY!—yes, it was that same BRUMLEY, by whose intrigues my worthy friend had been injured—by whose pestiferous practices one of the fairest flowers of creation had been blasted—like the rose whose stock is corrupt, she withered when she felt the effects of his malignant principles. But mark the progress of vice, and let him who is dissatisfied with his condition, because "by the sweat of his brow he eats his bread," be taught a lesson of contentment: He, who by talents, was well qualified to shine in the circle of society, became the victim of his own destestable conduct, aspiring after wealth in an improper manner, he cherished indolence which consigned him to indigence; and, borne down by the impetuous current of vicious habits, behold him sink in the gulf of infamy; learn from the effects of his imprudence to shun the haunts of voluptuousness where ruin lurks ready to stab thy peace forever;—let every circumstance of thy life tend to benefit the community of which thou art a member; and, if Fame does not enrol thy name, yet conscious rectitude will bless thy years and give a zest to all thy enjoyments: Industry in that calling which you have chosen, will produce the means of supplying thy wants, whilst it will promote health and give activity to the mind; make business thy pleasure and it will procure for thee contentment.

TIM TITULAR.

ORIGINAL.

A TALE WITHOUT A NAME.

(continued from page 115)

Love now taught Henry to write verses, which he oftimes left where he knew they would be found by Constantia; these she would frequently sing, while her taper fingers bade the tones of the piano accompany her melodious voice, but blushed when he discovered it; their meetings alone became less frequent, and seemed to be the effect of accident. Why is it, said he one day to her, that you treat me not as you were wont? I find you cold and reserved, where you were once kind and familiar; you do not love my society, though you endure it; you once delighted by your gaiety, but now you distress me by the pensive air, which seems constantly to envelope you; and yet my dear sister, I have noticed a change in myself; when I, as I used to do, take your hand, mine trembles as though I feared you; when I look at you, you seem my superiour, and your reserve makes me believe you think yourself so; all those delightful, those endearing expressions which we used to apply to each other, now tremble on my tongue and die away half formed; in what have I offended you?—how have I lost your friendship? In nothing, nor have you lost it, she replied, timidly bending her eyes to the ground,—I too have noticed the change in *your* conduct, and in my own with equal wonder; mine is the effect of impulses for which I cannot account, but which I feel I must obey; I see you no more engaged in those sports and pursuits to which you were accustomed, but wander pensively to the forests which shade the sides of yonder mountains, gaze at the setting sun, or rising moon; and when at home at night, instead of enlivening us by your gaiety, hang pensively over the back of my chair while I play on the piano, or seize some opportunity to retire—She paused, was silent and confused, each had expressed some of the feelings which governed their conduct, but feared to venture too far an inadequate description of an existent something they did not well understand.—Nor let any laugh at the awkward figure such a pair of innocent, secluded beings would make in a crowded city, where the state of society is so different, nor doubt the veracity of the historian who records their humble annals. In the first

dawn of passion every emotion is pure and respectful with regard to its object; a beautiful woman seems invested with an atmosphere which is at once attractive and repellant; it solicits our approach, but regulates its proximity; it lights the torch of love, but prevents its blazing; nothing gross, nothing impure, nothing sensual seems mingled with our sensations, though enveloped in an earthly form our feelings seem celestial; and if such are the feelings of a youth in love, can we suppose they are less pure in a delicate and naturally susceptible virgin.

Such were their feelings; but the mind of HENRY became occupied with reflections, in a short time, which these had generated; a mystery hung over his story which he wished to develope; he began to feel he was a dependent; the utmost stretch of recollection could not retrace more than a few of the circumstances to which he was indebted for his introduction to the BENTON family; he only remembered a scence of confusion and distress from which he had escaped; of these circumstances he was desirous of obtaining additional knowledge, but by remaining with this family in a state of seclusion, remote from cities and the busy world, it was barely possible; in a city he thought his end might be most readily effected: Another consideration had also its due weight upon his mind, every one around him had some duty to perform; his school-fellows had all separated from each other and him, to learn some profession; he alone was idle, isolated, and useless, and was eager to acquire the knowledge of some art, by which he might hope to obtain that state of independence his generous spirit taught him was necessary for one in his situation. Sometimes fancy represented his parents to his imagination as people of fortune and respectability, and if they should ever find him an idler, a useless blank in society—the thought swelled his bosom with indignant emotion; at others, he painted them calling on Mr. BENTON for their son, arrayed in the garb of poverty and debased by vulgar and contaminated intercourse, or suffering beneath the heavy hand of adversity; should he then be enjoying, without desert, those good things which were denied to their merits and exertions? These reflections were continually operating upon his mind, and together with that new sentiment which he lately experienced, conspired to produce a pensive melancholy: It was now that he more than ever loved to wander amidst the romantic and awful scenery which surrounded him, where melancho-

ly loves to dwell; he would sit pensively viewing from amidst the woody vales, the awful grandeur of the cloud-capt mountains, and listen to themonotonous dashing of the stupendous cataract that rushed with silvery beauty and foaming impetuosity, from one projecting rock to another, and, subsiding into silence, calmly meandered in a chrystal stream at his feet; he would survey with peculiar delight the clouds rolling around their lofty summits, and hide them from his view; he would climb with panting heart and weary steps to these sublime heights where, standing as on an island in the midst of the foaming ocean, he could behold the dark clouds collectin one prodigious mass far below him, scattering their earth-refreshing burdens on the dusty plain, where he could hear the thunder rolling and see the lightning flash beneath him, while the sky above presented an unclouded scene of brightness and calm serenity, he could see them retiring, and refreshed nature bursting on his charmed eyes, wet with the fallen shower and enlivened by the animating sunbeams; he would follow with his eyes the eagles soaring in the ærial regions in pursuit of their prey and listen to their terrifying screams, which affrighted the melodious inhabitants of the forest; frequently would he linger till the sun's broad orb seemed to repose on the line of the western horizon, and admire, as he bent his steps towards home, his setting beams, as they cast the golden flush of expiring day on the mountain tops and massy clouds, and then, retire to his chamber, where for hours he would sit with his eyes rivetted on the moon's bright globe rolling along the azure heavens in silent but sublime grandeur: These subjects of contemplation served to elevate his mind, but they did not decrease his melancholy, an emotion which he blamed himself for indulging, but seemed unable to conquer; this he from day to day resolved to do, though there was one gratification he could not totally resign, the pleasure of seeing CONSTANTIA, to hear her speak one kind word, was to him a source of inexpressible enjoyment, at the same time that it was the principal obstacle to the completion of his plans. *(to be continued)*

TRUE honour results from the secret satisfaction of our own minds, and is decreed us both by religion and the suffrages of wise men—it is the shadow of wisdom and virtue, and is inseparable from them.

ORIGINAL.

ON DISSIPATION.

IF vices are to be dreaded in proportion to the ease with which they ensnare youth, surely none deserves to be more execrated than *dissipation:* There is no one to which the weakness of our nature makes us liable, that requires so much prudence and vigilance to avoid; it is a rock treacherously concealed by smooth sensuality, upon which thousands are wrecked.

Young minds, whose passions are easily roused, and who are naturally prone to engage in whatever presents the appearance of gaiety and pleasure, are easily allured from the way of virtue by the false glare of dissipation's pleasures, to revel in the fields of voluptuousness.—It requires, indeed, no small degree of firmness to withstand the temptations to vice, which at present are so numerous: Reason, and reflection, nay, even the influence of religion is not always a sufficient restraint upon the turbulence of our passions. There are, indeed, few men who are not sometimes, when the mutiny of the passions has dethroned reason, hurried into excesses; and, though grievous as these occasional weaknesses must be on reflection; yet they are far from being so degrading and so disgusting to humanity as that uninterrupted strain of licentiousness in which some riot away their days.

The evils which a dissipated course of life brings as well on the physical as on the moral part of man, are immense; we need but open our eyes to witness the sad consequences of its effects.—The many grey haired objects of dissipation which we are forced daily to behold, while they cause the bosom of virtuous sensibility to heave a sigh of pity, are indeed enough to make us exclaim, alas! poor human nature.

But did the miseries which inevitably flow from dissipation extend only to its votaries, the evil would not be so great; yet, alas! how is the bosom of a tender parent rent, when he beholds his child, the object of his tenderest hopes and love, running voluntarily into ruin, becoming an abandoned wretch, the prey of disgrace, and doomed to misery.

The pernicious effects of dissipation, cannot be more accurately shewn, than by delineating the career of LOTHARIO, who was once respected and beloved. LOTHARIO was the son of a rich and respectable merchant, he was early sent to a

grammar school, where, from his great aptitude to acquire knowledge he was much distinguished: At the age of sixteen, he was placed in **** college, where he prosecuted his studies with the most persevering ardour and industry—He was amiable and good natured, and to a mind naturally capacious improved by education, he united the graces of every fine accomplishment—in short, he was endowed with every requisite, to make him at once, useful to himself, and an ornament to human nature: But alas, poor LOTHARIO! He did not long continue in this conspicuous station. The sunshine of prosperity which had hitherto shone so benignly on him, was darkened by the gloom of intemperance and folly: Becoming aquainted with some young men whose only employment was the pursuit of empty and pernicious pleasures, he was led step by step from the path of virtue into that of vice; till at last, by public acts of inebriety, he exposed himself to the derision and scorn of the world: Many times, indeed, when his reason was awakened by the entreaties of a tender and much distressed parent, and by the expostulations of his friends, he would form resolutions of amendment—but they were vain; for whenever temptation beckoned him to sensuality, unable to resist, he again and again committed the most shameful excesses, till he became irrecoverably a sot. His father finding all attempts to reclaim him from his vicious habits unsuccessful, abandoned him: And LOTHARIO, finding himself despised by the world and cut off by his parent, felt in his bosom the intrusions of conscience, and the thorns of remorse, to avoid which, he sought to end his loathsome wretchedness in death! Here then is a true image of the effects of dissipation; health, talents and beauty disappear under its degrading influence, it renders what would have been amiable, a loathsome spectacle; the current of dissipation glides swiftly and smoothly along, and he who has embarked on its tide is quickly carried down, into the gulph of misery and woe.

AVERNO.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

GUYMOND, a chaplain in ordinary to King Henry I. finding that, for the generality, the worst scholars had the best preferments in the church; when he was performing his duty in saying mass before the King, the epistle was taken out of St. James, where in reading these words, 'It rained not upon the earth three months, and six days,' he read it after this hob-

bling affected manner, 'it rained not, not upon the earth, one, one, one years, and five-one months.' The King took notice of his abusing the sacred text, and sharply reprimanded him for it. Guymond answered, that reading and speaking nonsense were become fashionable, and seeing those that did so, were sooner and better preferred than men of parts and learning, he imitated that prevailing method, to come in for his share among the blockheads, rather than starve among men of sense; at which the King smiled, as being pleased with his repartee, and soon after gave him the wardenship of St. Frideswids in the university of Oxford, to thrive and grow rich among the learned.

TALEMON, son of Æacus, the King of Salamis, was a man of so firm and steady a temper, that it was impossible for any vicissitude of fortune to deject him, or any cross accident to shake the constancy of his mind into the least appearance of trouble or discontent. When notice was given him of the death of his only son, whom he loved with the tenderest endearments, he answered with an undisturbed countenance, and a composed mind, 'I knew I begot a mortal child, and what by the inevitable laws of nature must happen once, can never come too soon.'

CHINGIUS CHAN, the first of the Tartarian Emperours, flying from an engagement, where he was defeated, and seeing himself closely pursued, crept into a bush, surrounded with briars, to hide himself, where he was no sooner laid, but an owl perched upon the top of it, which, when the pursuers saw, they neglected the search of that bush, supposing no man was there, where so timorous a fowl sat securely; by which means Chingius preserved his life; in memory thereof, the Tartars have an owl in great veneration.

DIONYSIUS senior, though he was the richest and most potent tyrant in his time, yet he was exceedingly afflicted and discontented in his mind, because he could not make better verses than the poet Philoxenus, and dispute more learnedly than Plato the philosopher; therefore, in great wrath and vexation, he threw one into a dungeon, and drove the other into banishment.

A BARBAROUS magnificence attended the feasts of the ancient monarchs of France. We are informed that, after their coronation or consecration, when they sat at table, the nobility served them on horseback.